PACIFIC Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

THE DOUBTER.

Thou Christ, my soul is hurt and bruised!
With words the scholars wear me out;
My brain, o'erwearied and confused,
Thee and myself and all I doubt.

And must I back to darkness go
Because I cannot say their creed?
I know not what I think; I know
Only that thou art what I need.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

H. V. Hartshorn, Los Angeles, Southern California Editor
517 N. Lake Street.

Special Departmental Contributors.

J. W. Buckham—Current Thought and Literature. A. W. Palmer—Social Service. G. W. Hinman—Missions. A. B. Patten—Young Peoples' Work. J. B. Orr—The Sunday School.

DAILY NEWSPAPER FIREWORKS.

The daily newspapers are pretty sure to pick out the startling things in an address or sermon. Sometimes their fireworks not only serve as displays, but kindle conflagrations in communities. As to the latter, the papers themselves do not care; they have had their satisfaction and profit in the pyrotechnics. Consequences? These are nothing to them. Let the suffering people take care of the consequences!

These thoughts link themselves with the article in the San Francisco Examiner the morning after the laying of the cornerstone of the new building for Plymouth Church, Oakland. The report in the Examiner stated that Dr. Van Horn denounced the institutional features for which Plymouth Church stood, greatly to the consternation of Mr. Palmer and his people.

It is true that Dr. Van Horn did criticize institutional work, but only when it is made the central thing. He was careful to state that he believed in institutional work, but that the preaching of the word and worship should be the central thing in a church. The Pacific reported the address correctly last week, and on last Sunday's Plymouth calendar there were these words in a note concerning the services:

"Dr. Van Horn made a strong address, laying emphasis on the preaching and services of worship as the heart of the life and purpose of the church. No social activity, however valuable and praiseworthy, can take the place of that definitely religious message for which the splendid new auditorium will stand."

The Examiner reporter did manage to get these words into his report: "We can never make a success of our church work unless we learn that the place of worship is the heart of the church and not the gymnasium."

Dr. Van Horn did not express himself in that bungling way. But the space taken by these few words was all the space that was used to report his fine thoughts of the church as a sanctuary and worship as the central thing, the institutional work and all else being important, of course, but secondary to the worship and the preaching of the word.

The central thing in the report in The Examiner was the perfectly fair criticism which Dr. Van Horn made of institutional work and this was featured and headlined so as to startle, if possible, all readers who knew of the fact that considerable emphasis was laid on institutional work by Mr. Palmer and his people.

We do not, of course, believe that this Examiner report was with any intent or hope of causing trouble. But big trouble often has grown out of such failures to grasp or to report an address correctly.

The day is coming when a long-suffering public will compel accuracy in reporting. Last year the Ohio legislature enacted a law which requires newspapers in that state when they publish a false statement concerning any person to print on demand, in the next issue or within forty-eight hours after its receipt, a true statement of the case, without any alteration whatever, with headlines of equal prominence, and on the same page on which the false statement was printed. This article must be sworn to by the person furnishing it, as a correct statement.

We shall also move on to a time when there will be a sane estimate of values by our newspapers. Recently there was in the Christian Endeavor World a contributed article by a minister who in his earlier years had been a newspaper reporter. He told of being assigned early in his journalistic career to write a report of the opening sessions of a shot course for farmers at an agricultual college. He made it exhaustive—and such doubtless as would have exhausted many readers long before they had waded much into it. When his work was finished he happened to remark to an old reporter who scented the startling with the vigor and excitement of a war-horse: "There was a kind of funny thing happened while I was out there at the farm school this afternoon. One of the women students shoed a fractious horse. It was a horse that two of the men had tried to shoe and couldn't." His fellow-reporter jumped to his feet and glaring at him excitedly exclaimed: "Why, you young idiot, that's your story. That's your only story. Who was she? Where was she from? How did she happen to do it?" When the young reporter confessed that he hadn't inquired about those particulars, the other rushed to the city editor, got an assignment for the farm school and soon came back with the horse-shoeing incident, worked up into "a fetching yarn with human interest," which was given prominent place in the paper and which the associated press telegraphed all over the country. The young fellow's story, on which he had spent hours, and which doubtless would have been all right for a few specially interested readers, appeared in a very much abridged form in an obscure place in the paper.

According to the usual daily newspaper estimate of values the old reporter was right. According to the saner estimate, the estimate to which some day even the daily newspapers will come, he was wrong. The shoeing wasn't the young fellow's **only** story, He erred in that he did not seize on it. But the story of the things less startling, at the farm, had value also.

The present writer had quite a discussion with a youthful reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle a few weeks ago as to the probability of misrepresenting very

frequently the whole trend and thought of a sermon or an address by taking out here and there a few striking remarks. The reporter argued that there was no danger; the present writer argued that there was great danger, and that he saw scores of examples of it often in brief periods of time—hearing the addresses or sermons and reading the reports thereof in the daily papers.

The present writer had an experience along this line with an Examiner reporter, a woman, about fifteen years ago. Having read a paper at the Monday meeting of the ministers, the reporter asked to see the paper, and copied therefrom a few striking remarks. Although told that their publication out of the context, not taking something that followed, would grossly misrepresent the writer and to his detriment, she declared that she would print them. "You said exactly that, didn't you?" she enquired. "Yes, I said it, but what I said immediately following put an entirely different construction on the words than what they would have standing alone." The reporter still declaring that she would quote the paragraph, the writer informed her that he would see the city editor at once, which he did, and the words were not quoted.

A late instance of misrepresentation because of reporters taking only a few remarks here and there and failing to state the line of thought occurred just after the graduation exercises at the University of California this year. One of the speakers spoke of the popular criticism of law and its administration, and justified certain criticisms which the San Francisco Examiner condemned him a few days later in an editorial for not doing. The editorial was a reflection on our great University, on the instruction given there, as well as on a young man whose address showed that he had a thorough grasp of the subject under consideration.

Daily papers are loath to admit their mistakes. People have become so accustomed to them that usually they make no effort to get them corrected. So, the editors never hear of the large majority of them, and will tell you that such mistakes and misrepresentations are not made very often. If any explanatory statement or correction is sent in, it very often goes into the waste basket or is condensed and crowded into some obscure corner of the paper.

We do not know just what the law in Ohio, of which mention is made herein, covers. But we believe that the time will come in the not distant future when papers everywhere will be required to make corrections of all false statements, all things in any way damaging to persons whom they have by carelessness in reporting grossly misconstrued.

RELIGIOUS WORK AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Bell, who has been pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in San Francisco for fifteen years, has resigned and has entered on the work of executive secretary of the committee having in charge the religious work at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The plan is to secure $50,000 for a building in which will be a hall that will seat 1500. Such men as Dr. Jowett of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, Secretary Bryan and John R. Mott, will be invited to speak at noon-day meetings in the building on the exposition grounds, and evangelistic meetings will be held in a suitable place outside the grounds, by Gipsy Smith and other noted evangelists.

Dr. Jowett has consented to speak at several noon-day meetings. He says that such a platform at the exposition will be one of immense and immeasureable influence.

For the erection of the building and for the carrying on of the work on the grounds and outside a fund of something like a hundred thousand dollars will be necessary. Such a work is of course of nation-wide value, and contributions are being asked from all parts of the country. Dr. Bell has gone east to awaken interest there.

The feature of the proposed work which most commends itself to the present writer is the platform address part with such men as Mott and Bryan and Jowett as speakers.

We do not look for much to be accomplished by the evangelistic services, though that is the feature which seems to be regarded by most of the ministers hereabouts as the more important one of the two.

Another use for which the building to be built on the exposition grounds will be arranged will be for religious exhibits which will show the origin, progress and present status of religious work on the Pacific Coast. This, for Protestant work. The Catholics are to have their own building.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

On a recent Sunday Plymouth Church, Seattle, took an offering of $956.50 for the Anti-Saloon League.

Two hundred and twenty-six conventions are listed for San Francisco in 1915. Their sessions range from four to fifteen days each.

The California Dry Federation has asked the churches throughout the country to remember the prohibition campaign in prayer on Sunday, June 28.

The Rev. Dr. R. A. Beard, pastor of the Congregational Church at Fargo, North Dakota, will spend several weeks on the Pacific Coast this summer—in Oregon, Washington, and California. Dr. Beard was Home Missionary Superintendent in Washington from 1887 to 1892.

Mr. E. P. Flint contributes to the Sunset Magazine for June an interesting article entitled "Recollections of a Vigilante." Mr. Flint was the youngest member of the executive committee of the famous Vigilantes of San Francisco and is the only survivor of the committee.

Monterey, an historical town in California, has only one Protestant church, except a small Episcopal mission. It continues to have, as formerly, a large Catholic population. The Presbyterians who have the Protestant church there are working for a new building. We hope that they will get it.

The Rev. George H. Lee who has in the Congregational ministry in Oregon and Washington for several years has been doing an excellent work for some time as pastor of the Ballard Presbyterian Church, Seattle. The Presbyterians find him a valuable man. He is now moderator of the Presbytery of Seattle and was a commissioner to the General Assembly in Chicago.

The California Christian Advocate has drawn the line against advertisements of medicines containing alcohol. It continues "patent medicines," however, which are declared under the pure food laws to contain no alcohol.

Better cut out the "patent medicine" advertisements, also! No one but a physician is able to diagnose a case. And a "cure-all" is not likely to cure anything. Moreover the reading of such advertisements leads many persons to believe that they have the ailments described therein, when they actually have nothing of the kind, and sometimes bring on as much if not more suffering than would come with the disease itself.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick spoke at the Presbyterian General Assembly in Chicago on conditions in Japan.

One Oregon orchardist has 80 acres in loganberries. A car load of dried loganberries was sold recently in the East for $12,148.

The Gideons are working to raise a fund of one million dollars with which to continue their work of putting Bibles into the rooms of all hotels throughout the country.

The Rev. Bouck White got a sentence of six months in the work house for his interruption of the services in New York in which Rockefeller worships. White has zeal without judgment.

Champ Clark, the noted congressman, says that he reads St. Paul's epistles and the proverbs of Soloman when he gets brain fag. The present writer reads Walt Whitman at such times.

The New York Bible Society recently presented Bibles to all the people connected with Barnum and Bailey's circus and the Wild West Show. The Indians received copies in their own languages.

The General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church passed a law which prohibits the licenisng of preachers who use tobacco. It is not retroactive. The vote was 182 for the law and 116 against.

Almost without exception the United Brethren and Methodist Protestant Conferences have voted for the organic union of the two denominations, and the question will be submitted soon to the churches, for the members to vote thereon. It ought to carry.

The committee which was appointed by the Presbyterian General Assembly last year to investigate as to Union Theological Seminary and its relations to Presbyterianism has asked an extension of time and will report in 1915. Dr. Mark A. Matthews of Seattle is chairman. Dr. Matthews is a conservative in theology. The Seminary is liberal and resents church dictation.

E. S. Lorenz of Dayton, Ohio, has published a pamphlet of newspaper advertisements used in connection with the recent union evangelistic campaign in that city. The churches decided to use paid newspaper space, with sermons by the regular pastors, rather than to employ a visiting evangelist. The results were highly satisfactory, and the advertisements have been reprinted for use by other cities where desired.

The Saturday half-holiday was endorsed by the Presbyterian General Assembly as something tending to a better observance of the Sabbath. The Assembly also went on record as reiterating its strong and emphatic disapproval of all secular uses of the Sabbath day, all games and sports in civic life, as also in army and navy, all unnecessary traveling and all excursions, and urges upon all employers of labor and captain of industry to recognize the need of the laboring man for his weekly rest day, and thereby insure his greater efficiency and happiness, and the greater prosperity of both capital and labor.

A Michigan correspondent of the Herald and Presbyter writes concerning the Ford Motor Factory in Detroit: "So much has been published in the various religious and secular papers as to the social revolution at the Ford Motor Factory in Detroit, by which no efficient workman in that factory was to receive less than five dollars a day, that thousands of men have come to Detroit in hope of being one of the fortunate number who were to share in this bonanza for operatives. It was also said that six thousand additional men were to be employed. The prospects looked bright, indeed, and on this prospect many men bought homes on the installment or contract plan. Present conditions are such that two hundred men a day are being discharged, and with the statement that this may continue until over five thousand men are thrown out of work. The explanation is over-production, but there is, undoubtedly another explanation. About thirty nationalities are employed in this factory, and there is, no doubt, a systematic elimination going on with these changes. But it is just as well for workingmen everywhere to understand that the Ford factory has not inaugurated the millennium, nor even revolutionized economic conditions in the country."

The Continent, one of the leading religious journals, had last week two letters from Colorado from which we quote, supplementing what we said last week on "Snap Judgments by Preachers." One correspondent wrote: "So many false statements with reference to conditions and events in the coal regions of Colorado are now in circulation that I beg leave to suggest to all ministers and editors that they withhold comment until they are perfectly sure of the facts. Take one example. The deaths of noncombatants in the tent colony at Ludlow consisted of one boy, killed by a bullet from the strikers, and two women and eleven children who were found smothered, having been all day in a pit measuring eight feet by six by four and a half, with apparently a narrow entrance." The other wrote: "Having been in the heart of the coal mining region of Colorado, during the past six years, I unhesitatingly assert that yellow journals and rotten politics are responsible for much maligning of the Colorado National Guard, and for numerous misrepresentations concerning the attitude of the operators and best citizens of this community during the present deplorable strike. If Brigadier-General John Chase, a Presbyterian elder of most enviable reputation, had been given the authority to which his position, undisputed ability and Christian character entitled him, the insurrection on the part of foreigners, led by a few unscrupulous agitators, would have been forgotten long ago. Before the now famous battle of Ludlow, 10,000 men in this district, whose sole offense was that they dared to earn a living for themselves and families without a card from the United Mine Workers of America, went peacefuly to their daily tasks. Less than a week has pased since I heard a striker say, 'We will win if we have to do it with iron and balls,' and this has un-

doubtedly been their spirit. Much of the so-called investigation has been done at long range, and the greater the range, the more horrible the story. No small amount of it has been done by designing politicians, whose publicity bureaus seen unlimited in ther capacity for misrepresentation."

THE NEW CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Writing concerning the new Congregational Confession of Faith, in the Chicago Theological Seminary Register, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton says:

"There are intimations that the little Confession of Faith will have a much wider use than that for which it was immediately intended. Many scores of churches, probably several hundred, have adopted it already for use in admission of members. There are indications that it will have a use in some forms of public worship. Its declaration concerning the mission of the church has already been hailed by representatives of labor unions as affording a new basis for an alliance between the church and the working men. Word comes back from the mission fields that for some such statement the missionaries have long been waiting, and that it is likely to prove of very great advantage there. There have been suggestions also that this fresh and non-controversial statement of Christian faith will have use in discussions of church unity. If in these, or in any other way, it shall prove an advantage to the Kingdom of God, all who had any share in its formulation or adoption will be devoutly grateful."

Notwithstanding the fact that there is general familiarity by this time with the new Confession, the following by Dr. Barton doubtless will be found of interest and value:

"The first characteristic of the new Confession of Faith is its brevity. As compared with the creed of 1883 it is an exceedingly brief document. It is much harder to make a short Confession of Faith than a long one. The conciseness of this new Confession is comparable to the so-called Apostle's Creed rather than to any of the more extended later symbols of the Christian Church. Long creeds doubtless have their uses, but for the purposes of this Confession brevity was indispensable, and there are other places beside the constitution of the National Council where a brief Confession of Faith is a convenience.

"The second characteristic of the new Confession is its comprehensiveness. It confesses faith in God as Father, Son and Holy Spirit; in the holy Scriptures; in duty and progress; in the communion of the saints; the Church of Christ, the coming of the kingdom, and the life everlasting. There are many other doctrines that might have been put into it; but these, which are its most salient points, cover the principal divisions of the science of theology in a fairly comprehensive manner.

"A further quality of the new Confession is its doctrinal soundness. While it is entirely free from the controversial tone, and care has been taken to avoid dubitable and needless divisive questions, it still embraces all the great cardinal truths that lie at the heart of the Christian faith.

"Something further may be said of the new Confession as to its modernity. Without any labored attempt to avoid the phraseology of the older confessions, it puts its meanings into simple and straightforward language, easily intelligible to the common man. It is just as modern as the Apostle's Creed was at the time when it was prepared.

"A further word may be said about the new Confession on the score of its catholicity. It is not a creed to keep people out. Very largely the creeds of the past have been most dogmatic on the points concerning which those who adopted it were least sure; that is to say, they were adopted in times of controversy, when one party triumphed over another by a more or less narrow margin, and the victorious party stated the controverted point in the strongest possible terms. The smaller the majority in favor of it the more drastic and dogmatic it was likely to be. This Confession fortunately was not formulated in a time of controversy. It bears none of the marks of discord. The spirit of animosity is wholly absent from it. It was not written to keep people out, but as the united expression of brethren dwelling together in unity."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS SPRANG OUT OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

The University of California Chronicle published recently an article by Professor William Frederic Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary, entitled "The Decalogue, a Problem in Ethical Development. We quote the two closing paragraphs:

"The results of this discussion may be summarized as follows: More than one decalogue arose in the course of Hebrew history; two of which survive, the component precepts were addressed to men as heads of families; women and children owed obedience through the men, who alone were capable of discharging religious functions. The standard decalogue contains some commandments that must have originated long before the time of Moses; others, again, can scarcely have originated until long after his time. We are, therefore, compelled to assume that this decalogue is itself the product of a long development, and that it was compiled after the great prophets had done their work. To the student of ethical development, the point of chief interest lies not in the origination of the individual precepts, but in the selection of these commandments as summary statements of an Israelite's religious duties. Being of a general character, their interpretation and observance necessarily changed so as to keep pace with the morality, enlightenment, and culture of an advancing society.

"It must already have occurred to readers of these pages that the prevailing religious appraisal of the decalogue as a rule of conduct is strangely at variance with the ascertainable facts of its origin and its immature social ethics. Its tacit approval of slavery, polygamy, and general male tyranny, occasions no surprise in one who has watched, through long hours of historical study, the toilsome progress of mankind toward higher ideals; but natural to the times as these defects are in a genetic scheme of Hebrew religion, they are fatal to any theory of miraculous oracular deliverances on Mount Sinai. Here, as elsewhere, the lightning flashed, and the thunder broke, from clouds of human experience. It was Jesus of Nazareth himself who characterized the inhibitions of this early human experience as incomplete when he corrected with the demands of a higher social conscience what 'was said to them of old time,' and made the essence of 'the law and the prophets' consist in the practice of the golden rule."

JEHOVAH—THE GOD OF THE NATIONS.

Rev. George Laughton.

(A sermon given at Hilo, Hawaii, on Peace Sunday, May 17, before Rear-Admiral Kurio, the members of his staff, and over three hundred midshipmen and sailors from the two Japanese battleships which were then at anchor in Hilo Bay.)

Text, Isaiah 30-15. "In returning * * * ye shall be saved."

The man who uttered these words was one of the foremost in that group of great Hebrew prophets, whose pronouncements were committed to writing. He speaks them at a time of national crisis. The people had gone astray. They had forsaken the Lord. They had ceased to do His will. The vision had departed from them. They cared nothing for that which was high. The glory of the past had faded to the light of a very common day. But "the hanging fear of harm" was upon the people. Their historic enemy the Assyrian was near at hand. They knew themeselves to be helpless before the onward rush of the invader. They were panic-stricken. Then some of their statesmen thought that it might be an excellent move if they could make an alliance with Egypt. True, Egypt knew not the God of Israel. But Egypt had horsemen and chariots innumerable, and in these things a godless diplomacy is apt to put its trust. Our prophet appears upon the scene. He denounces the proposed alliance. He knew that such a line of conduct would produce a hideous and ever-increasing plethora of woe. He calls his people to better things. He informs them that their deliverance is to be found only in a return to the living God. He was acquainted with the heroic history and thrilling traditions of his country. He knew how the warriors of old had gone forth to meet the enemy and had sent him crashing to his doom. But they always went in the strength of Jehovah. "The sword of the Lord—" was their cry as they hurled themselves at the invader of their coasts. And by that token they were victorious. So Isaiah calls upon his countrymen to return unto God who had so signally favored them in every national crisis. Though the circumstances under which this appeal was made are no longer with us, and while it may seem a far cry from the threatened invasion of Judah by the Assyrians to the apparent security of the two nations here represented, nevertheless our prophet's words contain a message to which we may well take heed. History does repeat itself. The dangers of the past are not altogether eliminated. They have simply changed their form. Men and nations are the same in all ages and at all times. The cyclical movement which the history of the world so often suggests brings the nations of today face to face with the same problems which the nations of the past struggled with. In their success or failure to solve these problems we have our lesson.

This man was the exponent of the ideal patriotism. It was ethical in its content. He is not alone. All the prophets and poets of patriotism have been moralists. They were men who used the scourge as well as the trumpet. Thus they found themselves much alone. Sometimes they crowned their mission with their blood. But they delivered God's ultimatum. They defied the spirit of the times. They held up to execration those who sought a temporary security by making compromise with evil.. They called the people to repentance. They realized, as we ought to realize, that when a nation enjoys God's temporal bounties, but shows itself indifferent to the higher elements of its heritage, when it thinks more of the enlargement of its commerce than the growth of character, when it forsakes Jehovah for the gods of Egypt then doom, final and irrevocable descends upon it.

Principles are eternal. They cannot be taken up and laid down at will. They are built into the structure of the universe. They are a part of the everlasting fitness of things. They are self-exacting in their demands, in their rewards, and in their punishments. The coasts of history are lined with the wrecks of broken empires. They were wrecked on the rocks of truth and justice which they had ignored. Mr. Balfour is right—God does take notice. You remember how Victor Hugo puts this in his account of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon. In his arrogance the conquerer of Europe has said that God was on the side of big battalions. Says Hugo: "It was time that this vast man should fall. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone counted for more than a universal group. The moment had arrived for the incorruptible and supreme equity to alter its plans. Probably the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral world depend had complained. Smoking blood, over-filled cemeteries, mothers in tears—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from too heavy a burden there are mysterious groanings of the shades to which the abyss lends an ear. Napoleon had been denounced in the infinite, and his fall had been decided upon. He embarrassed God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is a change of front on the part of the universe."

How my message might be enriched with the illustrations of the great truth that where there is no vision the people perish. My friends, representatives of two great peoples, history is only valuable to us in so far as it teaches us our lessons. And the out-standing lesson of universal history seems to be, that the welfare of nations is a matter of probation depending upon the approval of the Lord God Omnipotent.

Far-called, our navies melt away
On dune and head-land sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre:
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget."

True patriotism consists then in discovering what God's demands are, and in ranging up to them. It is not that spirit which finds expression in the ribald songs of the music-hall, or in the clamorous cry for conflict. It is not the frothy bravado of jingoism. It does not raucously shout: "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too." True patriotism thinks more of a nation's obligations than of its official rights. It knows that righteousness of purpose means more in the long run than the shrewdness of diplomacy, which is sometimes only another name for international scoundrelism.

It knows that the highest decision concerning any national question is not the arbitrament of the sword, but the dictates of a God-enlightened conscience. It realizes that loss of territory is not to be compared in its final results with loss of self-respect and loss of national honor. It feels that nations as well as individuals must hear the call from the heights: "What doth the Lord require of

thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." So it fervently pleads:

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard:
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

In returning ye shall be saved. The kingdom of God —that is the patriot's dream. For look you at what the realization of this dream would mean. It would end all the historic evils with which our race has been too long cursed. It would mean the destruction of an aggressive militarism, the final collapse of a godless imperialism. In all the wide spaces of this world there would be no injustice, no political outrage, no persecution, no racial hatred, no industrial tragedies, no social crimes—if only the kingdom of God had come in its fulness. The time shall yet come when the kings of the earth and its rulers shall no longer set themselves against the Lord, but when all men shall come to know Him whom to know is life eternal, and in which knowledge man to man shall brother be, the wide world o'er. I believe that this service takes us a step nearer to the fulfilment of this dream. We welcome our guests with every circumstance of good will. With all the emphasis of sincerity we wish the nation they represent prosperity and peace. We trust that the United States and Japan will each in its own way work for the day when:

"Robed in universal harvest,
Up to either pole earth smiles;
Universal ocean softly
Washing all her warless isles."

THE REVIVIFICATION OF A CHICAGO CHURCH.

A Presbyterian Church in Chicago, which had declined in the last fifteen years from 2,500 members to 970, and correspondingly in other ways, has in the last few months increased its evening congregations from 200 to 2000, and is on the way to making itself again a great power for good in that part of the city in which it is located.

Of course only a church similarly situated could solve its Sunday evening problem as this one has, but the experience of this old established church in one of our great cities will be suggestive to laymen and pastors elsewhere to seek for the best methods to attract the people to the services of the church.

We give here a part of the story as it appeared last week in The Continent:

Not only has attendance at the evening services been multiplied by ten, but attendance and interest in the other regular services of the congregation have been greatly heightened. Persons of other beliefs, men and women who have attended no church for six, ten or a dozen years, not only have come once to this evening service, but have attended every night since the meetings were started on February 8th.

An organization of men in the vicinity of Third church, Chicago, is largely responsible for this extraordinary indication of the vitality of the Christian message to a modern city community. The West Side Sunday Night Club is an organization of about 300 men, formed to bring the church and people of the community closer together. The principal effort of this club revolves around a musical and gospel service held in the church each Sunday night a 8 o'clock. The meetings have been addressed by men and women prominent in social and religious movements of various sorts throughout the country, and have attracted wide attention in the city. On a recent evening, when Jane Addams spoke, there were 2,700 persons at the main meeting, ing, and an overflow meeting. Usually, the church auditorium is crowded. The attendance has declined only slightly, if at all, when straight gospel messages are given by local preachers.

Formerly Was Largest Church in Chicago.

To understand how this special organization has been able to attract the attention of such a large number of persons to the church, it is necessary to know something of the community in which the congregation finds itself. Third church, in its prime, was the largest in the city. It is situated at the crossing of three important streets on the west side of Chicago, two miles from the lake. In this vicinity many of the cultured and wealthy people of Chicago formerly had their homes. With the expansion of the city, the manufacturing district encroached upon residences, and Jews and Catholics in large numbers have taken the homes formerly occupied by the Protestants. The district has undergone the change familiar in many cities, where the fine old residences of other days have been turned into boarding and rooming houses. When Dr. Martin D. Hardin came from Charlotte, N. C., six and a half years ago, there were twenty-two members of his church who owned their own homes on Ashland boulevard, the street on which the church stands. Today there is only one member of his church owning his home on this thoroughfare. Of the sixteen elders of Third church, only two live within four miles of the church; five of them live in suburbs outside of the city limits to the north and west; three live seven miles away in the southern part of the city. About half of the members of the church live within two miles of the edifice. Through the fidelity of former friends, who take long journeys to work and worship at the church, the work has been maintained with its present vitality.

Within a block of Third church a large Baptist church, with a "for sale or for rent" sign upon it, indicates the local decadence of Protestantism. Three Baptist churches have consolidated into one. Two Congregational and two Methodist churches also have united into one each. The district is, however, thickly populated, and although there are Presbyterian churches near-by, Third church is by far the strongest, and from its location is a natural leader in what was at once time the strongest Presbyterian center of Chicago. In addition to the thousands of young people who find their home in rooming houses, there are in the vicinity 6,000 men and women students in hospitals and dental and medical colleges. Many of these find a religious anchor in the Sunday-school of Third church, which out of an enrollment of 750, has nearly 500 adults. These are organized into six classes, of which class D, the first organized Bible class in the United States, is the best known. Mrs. Hardin, wife of the pastor, teaches a class of young women, numbering 100.

Strongly impressed with the desire and the need for doing something definite for the many thousands who pass his church every Sunday evening, Dr. Hardin last fall preached a series of sermons on the social message of Christianity. These sermons so stirred his congregation that the officers, on their own volition, gathered to consider the

means of bringing these messages to a wider audience. Out of the discussion grew the idea of an organization modeled along the lines of the Sunday Evening Club maintained in Orchestra hall by contributions from members of the Association of Commerce and others. The idea took hold on the west side, and before the first meeting was held the club had a large membership, including many who formerly had not been identified with the church organization. The idea has been so much of a success, in fact, that clubs of a similar nature were within a month formed on the north side and on the south side of Chicago.

Members of the club believe that a majority of the people are outside the church because the modern ministry of the church is not understood. The leaders believe that when the larger message of salvation is interpreted to the people, they will find themselves sympathetic. Those outside don't realize that the church has progressed along social lines. They do not know that the church is preaching something besides the individual gospel. Denominationalism is not urged at the meeting of this Sunday Night Club. The service is, however, distinctly religious, the address being preceded by a musical service, in which the entire audience is invited to participate in singing familiar gospel hymns. Dr. Hardin presides each night, and in a short talk introduces the speaker and indicates how his message is linked with the gospel of Christ.

Among the speakers who have already addressed the club are Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy; Miss Jane Addams, Senator Kenyon of Iowa; Senator Owen of Oklahoma; Professor Herbert L. Willett of the University of Chicago; Rev. Robert J. Patterson of Belfast, and Raymond Robins. Dr. Hardin himself spoke on Easter night, and it is the idea of the officers of the club that Dr. Hardin shall occupy the pulpit every little while and that many of the addresses shall be straight evangelistic messages. It is expected that there shall be an even balance maintained by variety of speakers on what may be termed the social message and the individual message of the gospel. Dr. Hardin believes society can be transformed only by the regeneration of the individual and that Christ's ideal in our own souls is the way to realize the larger conception of Christianity, which is the only force on which the world should be run.

The work of the club, of which the large gatherings on Sunday evenings is outward evidence, is organized through committees which weekly send to a mailing list of over 4,000 names a program of the coming Sunday services. An illuminated sign in front of the church, advertisements in the daily papers and cards in local store windows assist in the publicity. Every barber on the west side of Chicago was written a personal letter and invited to the meeting. Many of them have come, and they talk about the meetings to their customers. Active committees are scattered throughout the congregation, and greet newcomers and obtain additions to othe mailing list. These persons are visited as fast as possible.

Work of Club Has Helped Whole Church.

The influence of the club has been felt largely in the other services of the church, and the active work of the church members has generated interest in all departments of the congregation. Socials are held at various times during the week, not only by the club but by the organized Bible classes and other societies of the church. One man, who has not been to church for eleven years, was interested in the evening service, and is now attending morning worship. A Catholic said that he had never had a sermon move him like one of the addresses at the regular club meeting. A banker who at one time was a Catholic and had not been to church five times in forty years is coming regularly.

The future of the club depends upon the financial support which it may be able to obtain from the attendants. The expenses have been large in a congregation which during the last two years has been raising $100,000 as permanent endowment for the church.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

A Mother's Day Address by Rosine Edwards Stuart.

"As one whom his mother comforteth," said the prophet Isaiah, as expressing the deepest consolation possible. The poet expressed his feeling thus:

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

"Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies out on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over."

The little child has fallen and hurt her hand, and comes crying to mother. She kisses the hurt place and all is well. The baby turns again to play, satisfied that mother is a good nurse.

The years go by and baby is six years old and going to school. Perchance mother must stay with a younger child and father accompanies the new scholar. But from the doorway mother waves good-bye; and when dismissal time comes, mother is watching from the window, and is at the door to greet the child and hear her story. But the little daughter takes it as a matter of course, and does not realize what motherhood means.

There come hard days of school work. " 'zaminations," tests, essays and theses as the work advances, and the scholar goes higher. Mother is always interested and helpful. But there comes the dark day when daughter breaks an unreasonable rule, refuses to apologize and is sent home. The whole story is poured into mother's ear. She says naught of any disappointment, chagrin at the episode, or personal hurt. But with a quiet, "Daughter, I don't expect you to make an apology you couldn't mean," dismisses the affair. And the daughter thinks that mother takes it calmly, and knows nothing of the sleepless hours that follow.

Time passes on, and the girl is a young woman. Love enters her life and she is on the heights of happiness. All is beauty and bliss, lovely and loveable. But the dark day comes when she finds that her trust has been misplaced, her lover is faithless, and she must bid him go. Some strange strength helps her through the ordeal, but the following night is sleepless. And at the first streak of light she is downstairs to find solace in work. But mother is there before her, for she has suffered the night through with her daughter. Then to the girl come with new meaning the words. "As one whom his mother comforteth." But not to its fullness has she yet realized what mother-love means.

The flowers are in bloom, the birds are singing, for it is June, the month of brides and roses. The world is bright and beautiful, and by her side stands the one to whom she has given her heart's full meed of love, the noble man who deserves such reward. The vows are exchanged, the solemn words are spoken, the congratulations received, the wedding dinner served. Bridal white is changed for traveling array and good wishes are mingled with farewells. The bride turns last to mother, who with clear eyes though trembling lips looks fondly at her daughter, and sees as in a flash the years preceding this day. But no word of hers shall dim the hour, and with firm tone she says, "God bless you, my daughter."

In after years these words will come to her with depths of meaning, but not yet does she fully realize what motherhood means.

The flight of time is marked by the establishment of the new home, the settling into its duties and privileges. The union of two hearts has been blessed, and baby hands are sent to seal the covenant. The mother looks on her first-born with mingled feelings of love and fear. Now can she truly say, "I know."

"My little baby lies along my arm,
And looking at her there the glad tears press,
And like a tidal wave of tenderness,
The years of love since I lay cradled so—
Unfathomed love enfolding me from harm—
Return and flood my life. For now I **know**."

Now she begins to know what mother-love means, and every day and week and month of the new life deepens her knowledge. In the cares of baby-hood, the worries of youth, the pleasures and troubles of young manhood, the joys and sorrows that the years bring her child, she sees again her mother's life and love, cares and joys.

"Nobody knows the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but Mother."

The literature of all ages has paid tribute to mother, the chronicles of all nations acknowledge their debt to her. And the Sacred Word is full of the highest homage to mothers. "The Lord could not ve everywhere, so He made mothers," said a Jewish Rabbi. "Mother in Israel" has become a term of the highest regard. The Fifth Commandment, and the first with promise, says, "Honor thy mother."

Eve, the mother of the human race as her name signified, is shown in her motherhood naming her children as gifts from God.

Sarah was promised to be "The mother of nations," and manifested her motherhood in her solicitude for Isaac. Determined that her boy should be kept spotless, she banishes the wicked Ishmael from the home.

Rachel, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin, is held forth as of most loveable character and appearance, and her name used frequently in later history.

In the mother of Moses, recorded only as "A daughter of Levi," is a most beautiful presentation of unselfish motherhood. She crushed her own feelings, hid her wealth of love for her beautiful baby that his life might be spared. And what wonderful reward was hers when she saw in her boy God's deliverer for Israel.

In Naomi, made more famous by her daughter-in-law Ruth, is pictured a faithful mother. She remained in the foreign land with her two sons after they had established their own homes, and her husband had been taken from her. And when Ruth went with her to her home-land, she proved a true mother to this Moabitish daughter-in-law, helping her according to the standards of the land.

There is no more beautiful mother in history than Hannah, the mother of Samuel. Consecrating her child before birth to God's work, she bravely fulfilled her vow. In quiet and faith she prepares him for the future. When the time came she took him to the temple and left him for God's service. How wonderfully is she sustained as shown in her beautiful ode as she leaves her baby in Eli's care! And how grandly was she rewarded as the following years unfold the pure heart and reveal the deep spiritual life of her son.

But it is in the New Testament that we find the culmination of the exaltation of motherhood in the life of Mary, the mother of Christ. From the time that the angel announced to her, "Blessed art thou among women," until the day that Jesus said from the cross to His beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother," she was ever the highest type of motherhood. Training her child in the homely duties of kitchen and yard, teaching him to notice the songs of birds and color of flowers, pointing out the growth of fruit and grain, his whole public life was strengthened by his intimate knowledge of the lives of His followers. And she taught Him carefully the Scriptures as given to His people so that He was versed in all the laws and doctrines of the Synagogue. And when the years went by, and the angel's prophecy seemed far from fulfillment, she clung closely to her son and His public work; followed Him to the cross, watched at His tomb and recognzed the glorious fact of His resurrection and ascension. And when the disciples gathered in the upper room to plan for the furtherance of Christ's work, the records number with them, "Mary, the mother of Jesus." It is no wonder that poets have sung of her beauty and love, that artists have striven to portray her charm, that a great church has almost deified her. She is worthy of the highest admiration of all women and the study of all mothers.

A few words often glimpse a character. And such have we in Paul's second letter to Timothy. For in commending Timothy's faith, Paul chronicles it as dwelling first "in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice." Thus did he bless the memories of two women for all time, for they had been mindful of the moral and spiritual needs of their children.

The finest poems have been inspired by thoughts and memories of mother. "Mother's picture" inspires one poet thus:

"No, don't take out the lines, sir;
Just leave 'em, every one;
It wouldn't be my mother
If all the lines were gone.
The heft of care that mother
So long and late has borne,
And sorrow's share a-ploughing;
Has all them furrows worn."

A poem that used to be recited much in my school-days pictured the boy standing at his mother's knee and shrinking under her reproachful look because of the nest of bird's eggs in his hand. Through all his life her condemnation of wrong had gone with him and impressed its mark on his acts.

Many of us remember the much-recited piece, "Which shall it be?" A wealthy relative has offered to take one of the little brood and rear him in comfort and give him every advantage. The parents think it is their duty to accept the offer and try to decide which child had best be sent. But as the mother scans each sleeping face, there is some good reason why none can be spared. Each child has his special place and she feels that all need her. And so she turns with renewed courage to her labor of love for her children, realizing more fully the dignity of her task.

Many a son or daughter, wearied with the cares of life, discouraged with the defeats, worn out with the struggles, has said through tears:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep."

Hymns and songs are full of reverence for mother.

"Tell mother I'll be there,
In answer to her prayer,"

sings the redeemed one, whose mother's prayers had brought him back.

"There's a dear and precious book, though it's worn and faded now,
Which recalls the happy days of long ago,
When I stood at mother's knee, with her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low,"

sings the man with memories of a godly, prayerful mother.

"Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinkink now of thee,"

sings the lad who, as the conflict draws near, is just a child, longing for mother.

History is full of faithful mothers and tributes to them.

We have spoken of a few of the Bible mothers. In the Spartan mother, who sent her son to war with the comhand, "With your shield or on it," we see the inspiration to bravery that was always characteristics of the nation. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, proudly exhibited her sons as her jewels. And her lessons resulted in such patriotic, renowned men that the only words on her tombstone were, "The mother of the Gracchi."

Margaret, wife of Henry VI, crushed her womanhood and steeled herself to scenes of war and bloodshed for the sake of her son.

Victoria was no less a queen because so much a mother, carefully training and guiding her children.

In our own land, the history of every great man or woman has begun with the account of a good and worthy mother. From Washington to Wilson, the stories begin with a wise, careful and prayerful mother.

The fiction of today is full of penpictures of glorious motherhood. In the story "Mother," read so widely last year, were pictured circumstances that appealed to many a woman's heart, and all felt its sweetness and strength. The oldest daughter saw the constant, unending struggle, the little, vexing problems, and felt that her mother's life was commonplace and petty. But contact with other lives and homes brings her to see clearer, and in her hour of deep joy she sees the love and care that have enfolded her. She realizes that mother has deemed the training of immortal souls as worthy her highest effort, and is content with her reward in the appreciation of her children.

I wonder how many of you remember the beautiful sketch, "His Mother's Sermon," a favorite of mine in the collection, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush?"

The young man, fresh from the theological school and full of the idea of his knowledge, plans a doctrinal sermon that will astonish his first charge. But his aunt, who had stood with him by his mother's deathbed five years before, casually reminds him of her last words: "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ." He put his doctrinal sermon in the fire, prepared one that carried his people with him so that they saw the Christ as though he were beside them, and were strengthened and uplifted. And as again he stood in his study and faced his faithful aunt, she said, "Yon was yir mother's sermon." It is one of the highest tributes ever given a mother.

The great pictures of the world are pictures of mother. The Cistine Madonna, the Madonna of the Chair, the Bodenhausen Madonna, are a few of the famous mother conceptions. The artists of today all present some idea of the mother-face. Sometimes it is the young woman dreaming over her sewing; oftener it is the young mother with her first-born in her arms, and again it is a mother surrounded by her family of little ones.

The great men and women of the world have always been ready to honor their mothers. When Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, his mother stood by his side. After delivering his inaugural address and taking the oath of office, he turned aside from ex-Presidents, judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, and the representatives of Kings, and first of all embraced and kissed the mother who had done so much for him.

When a magazine interviewed William F. McCombs, known as the man who discovered Woodrow Wilson, the man who came to such prominence as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, he told how his mother trained him in religion and politics. She taught him to study men and opinions from all sides. And he says of her, "I carried my faith in her judgment away from preparatory school, through college, and into the days that have followed, and whatever success I have achieved in law and the political world, I owe to my mother."

Secretary of State Bryan in a late address said that a dislike for swearing, gambling and drinking had been so impressed upon him in childhood that it had continued with him ever since. Probably many noticed in the papers that he carried out his convictions in one of his first diplomatic banquets.

A recent sermon by the new pastor of Pilgrim Church, Seattle (H. E. Brown), on "The Third Word" has some beautiful thoughts on the sacredness of the mother tie. He says:

"Our own dear mothers kissed our souls awake; built up our lives by theirs, followed us with tireless love. Mothers are the gardeners of the race and their influence beggars all measurement. Sweeter than music, gentler than the caress of the south wind, wiser than a teacher's, more intimate and constant than a father's, beyond all other influences, before them all and stronger than any other, except God's, is the influence of the mother who was ready to sacrifice every comfort for our convenience and surrender every pleasure for our enjoyment. 'On the blue mountain of our dim childhood, towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence, our lives.' As Jesus gave tender thought for His mother, so let us minister to our living mothers.

"I love the Babe of Bethlehem—full of wonder and beauty. I love the lad of twelve, burning with the mysterious fires of youth, growing, learning, singing with the joy of life. I love the man of thirty, fighting fiercely for His Kingdom, notwithstanding those same evil spirits which step out of the dark and demand my soul. I love the Jesus sound asleep in the little boat and the Jesus, dusty and worn, asking for a drink of water. But I love supremely the Jesus, who in the midst of night, desertion, and crucifixion agonies—remembers with a benediction, His own Mother."

Kate Douglas Wiggin, the writeer of so many sweet stories for children, says:

"Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world."

The eloquent Dr. Talmage wrote in deepest reverence of mother's chair:

"That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their children. Songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or garret, but it holds a queenly power yet."

James Whitcomb Riley pays tribute to mother in many of his poems, and wrote this directly to the founder of Mother's Day:

"The heaven that lies about us in our infancy is Motherhood, and no matter how exalted or how depraved we may become we are always attended by the grace of a Mother's love. Nor does that vision splendid ever fade into the light of common day. Every great man has glorified a great Mother."

Joaquin Miller said, in "The Bravest Battle":

"The bravest battle that ever was fought:
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
It was fought by the mothers of men."

Victor Hugo said: "O mother-love! Love that no one ever forgets.

"Love drops, youth fades, the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all,"

said Oliver Wendell Holmes.

And so I might continue giving verse after verse, tribute after tribute, to mother and mother-love. Each is but the yearning of some heart to express its depth of love, and we quote them, not because they are stronger than our own feeling, but because they seem to express it better than we can.

Miss Anna Jains wanted every mother to know how she was loved and reverenced, and so today, in forty states and territories, in hundreds of homes and churches, are to be seen the white flower of remembrance. But thank God there are many who do not wait for the one appointed day in the year to show their love. In a recent magazine is a beautiful story of the young girl who had worked with her widowed mother for the preservation of the home and the rearing of the younger children. When someone reminded her that mother's day was near, she said, "Why the first Sunday in every month is Mother's Day in our home. She doesn't lift her hand to do a thing."

During the Billy Sunday meetings in Spokane one afternoon was a Mothers' Meeting. The immense tent was full, and it was a scene never to be forgotten when each person

whose mother was in heaven wrapped a handkerchief around one hand and held it aloft, while the great evangelist led in one of his memorable prayers.

Many an observance of Mother's Day does not get into the papers. Often her birthday is the day for special mention of love. The sixtieth birthday of one mother was the time when all her children united in a gift, and also in a letter of especial depth of expression. The eightieth birthday of one mother was celebrated not only by gifts but by letters of love and appreciation from children and grandchildren.

Not long since I heard of a young man working his way through college who yet sent his mother the money to visit him. That act helped to explain the words of the mother in a conversation with another mother who had a boy of the same given name: "I hope your Willie will be the comfort to you that mine has been to me."

The most complete history, the finest poems, the greatest literature, the sublimest pictures, have only told a part of what mother-love and mother-life mean. And when my thought turns to the mother who was the guide of my childhood, the patient advisor of my youth, and who is the companion and comfort of my womanhood, I wish I had the tongue, the pen, the brush, to express my reverence and love.

Whether she is here or in the hereafter, to all of us the name of "Mother" brings tears and joy, love and reverence, peace and gratitude.

May we all unite in the words of Van Dyke:

"Lord Jesus, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care:
And Thou wilt hear, while for my own
Mother, most dear, I make this birthday prayer.

"Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know, from day to day,
The deepening glow of Life that comes from Thee.

"As once upon her breast
Fearless and well content I lay,
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,
Feel fears depart and troubles fade away.

"Her every wish fulfill;
And even if Thou must refuse
In anything, let Thy wise will
A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.

"Ah, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may not understand
Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

"I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But Thou, O Lord, wilt not forget
Her due reward—bless her in earth and Heaven."

North Yakima, Wash.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Where the great winds are loud about the moors,
And the stars beacon, and the sun endures;
Where the armadas of the clouds set sail,
And lyric waters shout adown the dale,
Where flowers make redolent the vernal sod,
Here is the House of God!

In highways and in byways of the earth,
Where there is kindliness and simple mirth, . . .
Here is the House of God!
Where little children smile and beck and nod,
—Clinton Scollard.

If anyone opposes very evident truths it is not easy to find arguments which may induce him to alter his opinion. —Epictetus.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

South Berkeley.—The church has voted to build a gymnasium and to add that important feature of a church situated as the South Berkeley one is.

Palo Alto.—Sunday, May 31, were held the last of the services led by the pastor prior to his ten weeks' leave of absence. In the evening service the trustees announced that in addition to the regular contributions of the month two hundred dollars had been raised to fully meet the expenses of the half-year closing June first. Mr. Campbell had asked that this be done before his departure. An informal leave-taking was held in the church parlor at the close of the service and many expressions of good will were given by the members of the church and congregation. Mr. Campbell with his family left on June second for a leisurely journey to the East where he is to take a course in the Harvard Summer School.

Sonoma.—The annual meeting of this church was held on Wednesday night the 27th, ult. A supper was served by the board of directors in the church parlors, previous to the business meeting which attracted a goodly number of the friends of the church and the people of the community generally. Reports of officers of the church and all affiliated organizations were presented, making a very interesting and satisfactory showing—the report of the treasurer being particularly gratifying as it showed that all current expenses had been paid leaving a good-sized balance in the treasury. The meeting was characterized by a spirit of harmony and good feeling on the part of the pastor and people, many expressions of loyalty and hopefulness for the future being heard. Under the able and consecrated leadership of Mr. Price, our pastor, and the spirit of harmony and fellowship which pervades the entire congregation, there is nothing to stop the growth and progress of this church.

THE WORK AT PITTSBURG.

The Pacific has not heard from the Pittsburg church lately and as the writer has heard that the editor wants church news here is a little that may be of interest. It may be known to some that after being on the Home Missionary list for many years, through the efforts of Rev. C. C. Champlin and the generosity of a wealthy man here, the church became self-supporting.

But on the first of February this large giver withdrew his support and the church found itself going rapidly backward in finances. Of course, as is usual in such cases, the heaviest burden of it was on our pastor, but he made no complaint. Finally the trustees became desperate and said that one of three things must be done. First, get under the burden and lift the finances to where they ought to be; second, appeal again to the H. M. S. for aid; or, third, close up the church.

The trustees had several consultations with Dr. Rathbone, and he urged that the first be tried. Our pastor was not willing to try the second, and none of the trustees could bear the thought of the third. Some of the trus-

tees had a little faith in trying to raise the needed amount on the field, but some were **absolutely** faithless, and said they **knew** it could not be done, "it was no use to try., they had gone over the field and it was wasting time and breath to try." But after a good deal of heartening by Dr. R., and several other meetings of the trustees and **much** prayer it was decided to try to raise the amount necessary.

Dr. Rathbone was to have been with us on the day the effort was to be made, but was unable to be here, so sent a good substitute in the person of Rev. Mr. Burr.

There were two things to be done: First, raise the large deficit that had accumulated since January 1st; and, second, get subscriptions enough to carry on the work in the future. When Mr. Burr found out what was before him his heart sank a little, as he thought, as many of us did, that if he wiped out the deficit that would be a large thing. But as the trustees had decided that only if the two things could be met could the work go on. Mr. Burr took hold of his courage as much as he could and began, and in less than thirty minutes the deficit had been raised. Then he had to begin all over again, and began by touching it gingerly, but the pledges came in so fast that the tally men had to call a halt several times to be certain they had all the names. Ere the meeting was closed over two-thirds of the amount had been subscribed, even the children and young people taking a generous part. By the time this reaches The Pacific it will probably all be raised. It was an epoch-making event in the history of the Pittsburg church, and, under God, much credit is due, our church feels, to Dr. Rathbone and Mr. Burr, and we are very grateful to them. Our pastor feels that the church with its trustees "did themselves proud." We closed with singing the doxology and are to have a thanksgiving meeting during the week. Mr. Burr preached a strong sermon to us in the evening. In the morning we also had Children's Day exercises and graduation, but did not have the opportunity of having Mr. Burr speak on that occasion as his heart and ours were too full of the financial problem.

On the previous Sunday one was received into membership of the church on confession of faith. On the 4th of June the Women's Home Missionary Society Union and the W. B. M. P. are to meet with us for an all day meeting, and our women are anticipating a delightful and instructive time. It is hoped that at least one hundred women will be in attendance, as this region has never seen anything of this character before, and it is hoped much good will come of it. By that date our pastor will have entered on his sixth year of service here. Pretty good for this day of short pastorates.

C. A. JEWELL,
Supt. of Congregational Sunday school.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

West Hollywood, Los Angeles, is a promising field for a Congregational church, and the Los Angeles Extension Society and the Southern California Conference will cooperate in a vigorous way to properly establish the work at its inception. This is the field to which Mr. Carter has been called.

The Rev. Marshall Dawson was placed on the Social Service Board of Tacoma recently by Mayor Seymour. The Daily News in its announcement of the appointment, remarked: "Though a resident of Tacoma only a short time, Mr. Dawson has thrown his ability into those things which Tacoma needs in the development of her ethical welfare. He is an idealist, and Tacoma needs idealists. But he also is a practical man who knows that ideals cannot be made to materialize in a moment. He will be a valuable member of the board."

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the paper will be on Rabindranath Tagore—the Hindu Poet and Mystic. This will be by the Editor of The Pacific who has made considerable of a study of Tagore in the last few months and has found his writings of great worth and inspiration. Tagore received the Nobel prize for idealistic literature last year, and several of his books, since translated into English, have been loudly acclaimed in England and in our own country. No one can read Tagore and fail to conclude that some very valuable things are to come out of India to help make the world's future.

Returning from New Haven, Professor Buckham reports that Dean Charles R. Brown is proving himself a most valued leader in the forward movement of the Yale Divinity school, now called the Yale University School of Religion. The relative strength and influence of the school in the University and outside has greatly advanced. New work has been added, especially in sociology and religious education. There is a fine spirit of activity, of unity and of idealism pervading the school. Dean Brown cherishes the warmest and most loyal affection for his California friends. His vital interest in the work of the churches in California continues and he will, if he finds it possible, respond to the many requests that he make a Moderatorial visit to the Coast. Mr. Miles' work with the Dwight Place Church is opening with great promise and New Haven is taking great satisfaction in the return of one whom they had already known and loved. The Dwight Place Church has just secured the services of one of the best equipped men in the country, Mr. Timberlake, as director of religious education; the second service has been rescued by Mr. Miles from comparative neglect and made a force in the life of the church and many new members have been received. Professor Buckham went East to give the Nathaniel W. Taylor Lectures at Yale. His theme was "The Realm of Personal Reality." Topics: The Developing Person; The Ideal Person; The Supreme Person; The Inseparable Fellowship.

WASHINGTON.

Spokane and Vicinity.—Rev. Dr. Brown, of the American Board, has been giving addresses in the churches of Spokane and vicinity. He spoke at Westminster and Pilgrim on Sunday, and Lincoln Heights and Corbin Park the following evenings, and also at Deer Park. He is one of our strongest men, and we are loath to give him to ing and to hear an inspiration.

Rev. J. L. Keene, of Hillyard, has undergone a serious operation at the St. Luke's hospital, but the indications are favorable for his recovery at this time. Rev. B. C. Preston, of Plymouth church will close his ministry with that church in the near future. He is supplying the

Petaluma church for two Sundays. Mr. Preston is one of our strongest men, and we are loath to give him to California. J. E.

WALT WHITMAN.

Born May 31, 1819. Died March 26, 1892.

He lived and wrought with heart and pen,
First-born of a new race of men.
He put himself into a book,—
Man primitive—and bade us look!
Himself we scorned; his book we banned—
The prophets' fate in many a land.

Brave to the end though shorn of strength;
Shut-in; acquaint with pain; at length
He slept; and then we better knew
The man, how grand, his work how true!

W. W. Lovejoy.

The Home.

FOR ONE GONE HOME.

Sometimes the Master takes a human life
And clothes it with the beauty of His grace,
And sets the radiance of his peace to shine
With its clear light on some beloved face.

And hand in hand with His own saints we stray,
While day by day their voices tenderer grow;
Till, sudden at the parting of the way,
His chariot meets them and they smile and go.

So she passed on—the loving and the loved—
We know not where—we could not see for tears—
But in some realm from doubt and fear removed,
She wears the beauty of unfading years.

Smiling she waits, serene and undismayed;
For lo! her eyes in clearer light behold
The hosts of God, in shining ranks arrayed,
The angel-guard the prophet saw of old.

Onward with them her tireless footsteps press;
Her soul takes up their strong, exultant call,
And knows the truth our hearts but dimly guess,
How God's great purpose folds about us all.

With us, with them; unseen, yet near at hand;
Not loving less for that sweet, heavenly birth,
She has but joined the glad immortal band
Who do the Master's will in heaven or earth.

Who knows what nobler errands of His grace
In ways untried her eager hands fulfill?
Or if her feet, with swift, unwearied pace,
Tread the familiar paths before us still?

When strength is small and courage almost fled
It may be hers to whipser at our side:
"O faint not! fear not! since the Master said,
'All power is mine, and I with you abide.'"

—Emily Huntington Miller.

THE TROUBLES SOME WOMEN MAKE FOR THEMSELVES.

"Life this spring has been just full of annoying things, petty worries and irritating trifles," said a member of a little group of women sitting with their needlework on a broad, shady veranda. "I am quite ashamed to remember," she continued, nervously pulling her needle out of her work, "how many times I have let my nerves get the better of me over the most trivial affair. Many things have put me out greatly for the time being that have not really mattered, finally, yet a woman's life is made up of small matters and it is the fly in the ointment that always spoils her contentment in living.

"My maid's illness at the busiest time in the whole year was most annoying, then when I was all tired out some of John's country relatives, who hadn't been to the city for twenty years, came to visit us; thirdly, a new dressmaker ruined the only clothes I was going to have for the summer; next, the landlord stubbornly refused to do any redecorating in our apartment, and last but not least, I had my pocketbook stolen in a department store. It almost seems as if I had acquired the habit of misfortune and unless something surprisingly delightful happens soon my mind will become fatally accustomed to bad luck."

"Well, you will just have to enter all those disagreeable experiences you have had this spring on one side of the profit and loss part of life," began another woman. "It may be a selfish point of view but occasionally when I am up against it I am helped in remembering that my lot is just the average one. Every woman I know at one time or another has her worries and disappointments. Maybe it is her husband—that is the hardest of all—or her children, or finances or poor health, and once in a while just the limitations within herself, the aspirations that can never be reached. It ought to comfort you to realize that you did not bring any of your recent troubles upon yourself. You could not have prevented a single one of them, and have nothing to reproach yourself about personally. Lately I have been thinking a lot about the troubles we bring upon ourselves. Do you know that we really have ourselves to blame for almost every tear we ever shed, or worry we ever go through? A little more wisdom and thought, more self-control and care, and we could save ourselves so many heartaches and disappointments. See how gray my hair is rapidly becoming and yet I am ready to admit honestly that I could have prevented many of them. Through my own stupidity or carelessness I have brought upon my self so many foolish worries and annoyances. Just let us stop and think a moment of all the things we women let ourselves in for. Now there is this feminine but unnecessary way we have of recommending working people. Once upon a time I had a little obscure but careful tailor whose work pleased me very much. Recklessly I started in booming him and sending him work by the wholesale. Others, I presume, did the same until the poor man lost his head and this year I have had the chagrin of knowing he has ruined every suit he has made for many friends. Then another case is that of a little seamstress, very cheap, who suited me with her plain sewing but in a careless moment I effusively recommended her work, with the result that some of my friends gave her some pretentious gowns quite beyond her capabilities which she completely spoiled. So many times, too, in our zeal to help struggling people we recommend their

services in a broad, sweeping way which proves unjust to them eventually as well as to their patrons. It does seem that in sheer self-protection we shall have to be more guarded in our recommendations."

"Since this is a sort of 'confession party,' said a third woman, "I'll own up to being altogether too free and easy with my promises. I get myself in bad from sheer good nature, which is no credit to me, I can assure you. It seems a weakness on my part to promise to do anything my friends want me to do. It is only to help on this little charity, serve on this committee, keep this appointment down town or that one on the other side of the city, give an important report, write a certain paper, until I find that I have heedlessly mortgaged ahead more time and strength thaan is mine to dispose of. The consequences are inevitable, and my days and nights become veritable horrors of wondering how I can meet or get out of all the demands made upon me. Why is it that we women too often lack the courage to say 'no' to the requests and desires of our friends? We rush madly to keep an engagement we care nothing about, we fulfill a supposed duty from a foolish sense of obligation and fret ourselves through many nerve-racking experiences to keep a promise we have made in some weak moment. It is the truth that most of our headaches, our 'all-in' feelings and blue times are simply and surely the result of our own silliness."

"I think it all comes to this," answered another woman, "our tongues are really responsible for most of the troubles we have in life. I do not have to think very hard to remember that most of the regrets and worries I have come from the words I should not have said or written. I have been too quick and positive with my criticisms, opinions and judgments, too ready to talk when I should have kept silent, discussed personalities too freely and not controlled my tongue when I should have done so. The result has been that more than once I have been seriously grieved over the way my own words have come back to me, for the idea I wanted to give or the thought I meant to express has been so distorted and exaggerated that I did not recognize it for my own. Just think of the friendships that have been ruined, the woman's clubs that have disgraced themselves, the towns that have been torn up, and the churches that have fatally injured themselves all through women's tongues. No, I know it is a part of life to have troubles that we can not help, that are thrust upon us for reasons we seldom understand, but if we are strong and honest we women will admit that we bring most of our bad times upon ourselves."—Frances Kingdon.

For The Children.

THE BOY THAT WANTED LO KNOW WHY.

"What's the use?" said father. "He'll only pull them up to see why they don't grow faster, or dig up the seeds to find out why they don't come up, or pull them to pieces to discover why they grow at all."

Billy wanted to have a garden all his own and raise watermelons like the boy next door. But Billy had a very troublesome habit of trying to find out why. Mother said it was a fine thing for a boy to want to find out why, for it showed that he was the little beginnings of a great man. But father said that Billy was just curious; that it might be all right for a man to try to find out why, because he knew how, but that it was a very different matter with a little boy who didn't.

You see father couldn't help remembering some things that Billy had done that really seemed more like curiosity than beginnings of anything desirable in a little boy—greatness especially. There was the time Billy cut the head off his new drum to find out where the noise came from—just curiosity, father said. And one time when Santa brought him a watch—a really-truly watch that had to be wound, and with hands that went round—Billy had to take it all to pieces to find what made it go. One spring he got tired of waiting for mother's hyacinths to poke their little green heads up through the earth, and so he dug them up to see what the trouble was, and then planted them again upside down. This, as everybody knows, is very bad for hyacinths. He tormented the kitten hunting for her meow. He broke his agates so he could pick out the colors. Indeed, he did so many things that looked like just naughtiness and not beginnings of greatness at all that it's no wonder father said "What's the use?" when Billy begged for a garden.

But Billy teased. Honest, cross-his-heart, if he could just have a garden and raise watermelons like the boy next door he wouldn't pull up a thing. Father'd see! And finally, when mother urged, "Do let him, John," Billy and the melons won the day.

Together they spaded up the nice brown earth, father and Billy—father with his big shovel, Billy with his little one—and made it into hills which they smoothed over with their rakes. In these hills they planted their flat, black seeds, and then the wait began. For it's a long time from seeds to melons.

Billy was pretty patient for him. He did wonder sometimes if the seeds weren't lonely down there in the dark. Once he feared that perhaps the tender shoots might not be strong enough to toss off the earth blanket that rested on their heads. Didn't father suppose he'd better scrape back the dirt a little and give them a better chance? But no; father supposed he'd better leave things just as they were, because God would give the little plant strength just as soon as it needed it.

So Billy held his peace—and his fingers—and waited for Mother Nature to raise her watermelon children in her own way, and she certainly did her best for them. One day she would send the bright golden sun rays down to warm the little seeds and stir them into life; then up would come a shower to quench their thirst. Billy particularly liked the showers, "because these are watermelons, you know," he said.

After the first dainty little green heads, all dew-washed and fresh, showed themselves above the bed, the watching was more fun. Billy was sure he could see them grow bigger every day. Soon the heads stretched themselves into tiny leaves, and the stems reached out little arms across the bed in the sunshine. And then, one day, there came a blossom, and then another, until the whole bed seemed to have gathered up all the dew and the gold of the sun and made them into wee nests for fairies and garden sprites.

But fairies and sprites didn't interest Billy. He only thought about melons, and when the blossoms at length folded all up into little green balls, there was one very happy boy in town.

And all this time he hadn't once tried to find out anything about why. And he took such good care of his vines that father began to think mother was right—that his curious little boy truly was the beginnings of a great man.

One day when Billy was busy in the garden the boy next door shouted over the fence, "Say, Billy! What do you think? I'm going to enter one of my melons at the county fair!"

Now every youngster who has ever been to a county fair knows what a jolly place it is, and how folks take their best jams and jellies and sewing and pigs and cows and butter and—and watermelons there and get blue ribbons for the best ones and red ribbons for the next best. Billy had a sudden thought. Why shouldn't he enter a melon too and carry off a prize? And after that he took even better care of the melon patch till father finally declared he'd certainly turn into a melon himself.

The melons lay lazily on their sides warming their striped backs in the sun and growing larger and smoother and handsomer, and everybody said that so fine a family never had been seen before. One in particular fairly outdid himself, and Billy was sure if he stretched one bit more he would crack his beautiful green shell and spoil all the pink loveliness inside. That one should go to the fair. Billy already saw it towering above the others and proudly wearing on its green breast the blue badge of glory.

But now the curious little boy began to push aside the little boy who was beginnings of a great man. If Billy could only know that his beauty melon was as perfect inside as out! He wondered—and he wondered—and he wondered. There was only one way to see—plug it, as he had seen the grocer do.

The night before the melon was to be carried over to the fair grounds, after everybody was asleep—for Billy rather hated to have father see that he was a curious little boy, after all—he hopped out of bed, slid into his little dressing gown and slippers, fumbled in his trousers pocket for his jackknife, and stole softly down the back stairs and let himself out into the garden. There lay the melons sleeping peacefully among the vines in the bright moonlight. The prize melon looked so big and so fine in the soft light that Billy hesitated a minute before plunging in the knife. The katydids seemed to shriek, "Billy-don't! Billy-don't! Billy-don't!" Should he? Yes; he just must know about that inside. Down went the knife; out came the plug, and Billy at that moment tasted the richest, sweetest pulp that ever grew within a melon. It was as perfect inside as out! He put the plug back into its place, patted it down carefully and crept back to bed. And all night long he dreamed of beautiful, fat watermelons who wept big pink tears from a single square eye.

The next morning when father lifted the melon into the buggy to carry it off to the fair grounds he saw the scar on its smooth side and glanced sharply at Billy. But Billy, with his hands deep down in his pockets, was whistling indifferently and watching a blackbird hopping along on the fence.

Of course when the fair opened Billy was in a fever of impatience to go, and when they finally drove off, he and father and mother, the buggy was hardly large enough to hold him. At other fairs Billy had always tugged at his mother's skirt to hurry her past the fruits and fancy things and vegetables so he could get to the little pigs and the sheep and the calves as soon as possible. But this time there was only one thing he wanted to see—his melon bearing the blue ribbon.

They hurried through the crowd toward the tables where the vegetables were—vegetables with blue ribbons, vegetables with red ribbons, vegetables with no ribbons at all; mammoth squash and turnips, tomatoes, muskmelons—watermelons! Billy's hungry eyes spied his own pet with its white card—"William Watson Benson"—but—but—where was the blue ribbon? Where was any ribbon!

"Too bad, Billy," said the man in charge. "Your melon was the finest one in the lot, but you see it wasn't perfect because it had been plugged. Tommy Jenkins got the prize."

The boy next door had won the blue ribbon.

Mother's hand found Billy's—mothers always understand—and together they went silently out of the building. They looked at the lambs and the little pigs and the calves; they rode in the merry-go-round; they bought a toy balloon and some taffy and a popcorn brick; they threw the ball and tried to knock down a doll and win a cane; they watched the man sail off in a balloon while the band played gaily. And then they climbed into the buggy—father and mother and Billy—and drove home, all very quietly.

Billy munched his popcorn and said nothing. But when they sat down to tea, and Mary brought in watermelon—melon all pink and luscious and blushy—for dessert, it was more than Billy could stand, and he burst into tears and ran up to his room.

And now when Billy is too anxious to find out about things someone has only to say, "Have some watermelon, Billy?" and the curious little boy who wants to know why disappears, and the little boy who is beginnings of a great man takes his place.—Sarah C. Rippey.

BABY SEED SONG.

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of a flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you grow golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-by.

—E. Nesbit.

WHAT TO BRING HOME.

All day Marion had been out making a round of calls, and her tender heart was full of all she had seen and heard.

It was about the tea table that she told of her experiences, and eyes filled at the recital. In one family a fortune had suddenly been swept away, and where luxuries had been known, privations and hardships were being endured; the tidings of an accident and death had crushed another household, and still a third was sorrowing because

of an incurable disease which was slowly but surely eating the life out of one of its members.

As she recounted it in sympathetic tones the little mother was moved to tears, and sadness fell over the entire circle.

Six-year-old Dan listened with keen interest and looked from one to another, then back again at the sister.

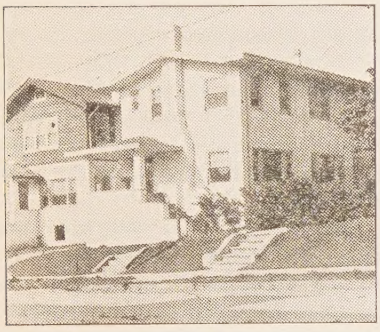
"Didn't you find any happy folks?" he said.

As swift as the flight of an arrow the smile came back and she was her sunshiny self.

Dan is right; we have no call to dwell upon the gloomy side of anything. We can cheer those who need cheer, but we are not obliged to gather up the shadows and bring them home with us.

This Picture is one of two

MODERN HOUSES



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Let us not aim low. Even when we aim high we shall fall short quite enough. But to have low aims and to fall short of them is indeed to fail. A low aim is itself a sin.

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